

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART

My Glimpse of the Pre-Raphaelites

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

The All-American Exposition in Chicago

BY LENA M. McCAULEY

Comparative Exhibition of Furniture

BY ROSSITER HOWARD

“East and West”

BY OSCAR B. JACOBSON

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART

NOVEMBER, 1919

TABLE OF CONTENTS

"BOY SCOUT FOUNTAIN" BY ANDREW O'CONNOR, SCULPTOR	Frontispiece
MY GLIMPSE OF THE PRE-RAPHAELITES By ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL	3
THE ALL-AMERICAN EXPOSITION IN CHICAGO By LENA M. McCAULEY	7
<i>One illustration</i>	
COMPARATIVE EXHIBITION OF FURNITURE AT THE MINNEAPOLIS INSTITUTE OF ARTS <i>Five illustrations</i>	10
MADAME LEBLANC, A PAINTING BY INGRES.....	16
MONSIEUR LEBLANC, A PAINTING BY INGRES.....	17
A NEW GALLERY AND A SUMMER EXHIBITION AT OLD LYME	18
<i>Three illustrations</i>	
EXHIBITION OF GOOD TASTE	20
<i>Two illustrations</i>	
"EAST AND WEST"	By OSCAR B. JACOBSON 22
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, A STATUE BY PAUL BART- LETT	27
EDITORIALS—ART A FACTOR IN RECONSTRUCTION—THE UNSEEING	28
NOTES—BOOK REVIEWS.	

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BOY SCOUT FOUNTAIN

BY

ANDREW O'CONNOR

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE GIFT OF EDWIN S. JACKSON

GLEN VIEW, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

(SEE GENERAL VIEW, PAGE 33)

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART

VOLUME XI

NOVEMBER, 1919 - 20

NUMBER 1

MY GLIMPSE OF THE PRE-RAPHAELITES

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

Author of *Nights* and (with Joseph Pennell) *The Life of Whistler*

WHEN I went to London in the early eighties, Pre-Raphaelitism was pretty well a thing of the past. Dante Rossetti had been dead a couple of years. Millais was the prosperous Academician living in palatial splendor. Colner too was an Academician, though he carried it off with less display. William Michael Rossetti was deep in his note-books and their too faithful record of his brother's life. Arthur Hughes was almost as lost to the world as Deverell, who died at the dawn of the movement. And, together, there was some reason for Colman Hunt's claim as the one righteous man left in the Brotherhood. Even Ford Madox Brown, the Pre-Raphaelites' prophet, was an exile in Manchester, at work on the decorations that are the glory of its town-hall. My chances of meeting any one of the group seemed as small as if I had never stirred from Philadelphia. And yet, my very first invitation to a London house was to meet Madox Brown and William Michael Rossetti.

This invitation came from the Robinsons. Mr. Robinson, in his way a rival of William Morris, was a decorator with a shop in Mayfair. He and Mrs. Robinson evidently liked to keep as open a house as convention allowed, and their daughter, Mary Robinson, now Madame Duclaux, who had not long before leaped to fame with her first volume of verse

and who was young and pretty and charming, drew to this open house in Earl's Terrace almost everybody of distinction or notoriety in art and in letters. Really, therefore, it was not so extraordinary to have been asked to meet the Pre-Raphaelites there as to have found them what they were when I did meet them.

Re-echoes of Pre-Raphaelitism had reached America, but chiefly by way of Du Maurier and Oscar Wilde, *Punch* and *Patience*. I am not sure now what I expected—probably a jumble of the lilies and sunflowers, the long-haired men in velvet knee breeches and languishing ladies in shapeless gowns and strings of beads, the Morris chairs and Rossetti paintings, there had been so much talk about—certainly anything but a Terrace and a house where Thackeray might have lodged his Sedleys and his Newcomes, or the sort of parlor maid in prim cap and apron who opened every correct front door in London, or the conventionally irreproachable drawing-room filled with a normally dressed crowd and that low murmur of reluctant voices which is so different from the high-pitched determination never to stop talking of our American "At Homes." The one thing not like other English drawing-rooms, though I did not realize it at the time, was the Robinsons' comfortable readiness to introduce the stranger.

My first introduction was to Ford Madox Brown and it thrilled, frightened me into speechless shyness. He looked so old, with his weary, careworn face and venerable beard, so prophet-like—so as I fancied Jeremiah must have looked after the last word of the last Lamentation was written. He was the centre of a worshipping, eager crowd, making the most of the rare chance to offer their worship in person. I think that his coming up to London upon the completion of one of his Manchester panels may have been the principal reason for the gathering, and I know that when I was presented he had long since reached the stage of exhaustion which no afternoon's lion ever yet escaped. I was too awed to have anything to say to him, especially before so large an audience. He was too tired to bother to say anything to me or, indeed, to say much more to any of his worshippers. But if not a word passed between us, at least I can boast that once I shook Ford Madox Brown's hand,—once was near enough to him to be impressed by the power of his personality, even as later I was to feel it in his work.

My next introduction, mercifully more fruitful of talk, was to the William Michael Rossettis. Mrs. Rossetti, tall and gaunt, dowdily dressed, with the prominent teeth the French caricaturist once bestowed indiscriminately on all the English race, contributed less than her share, rousing herself into speech only at the name of Wagner and then only for the brief word of approval she may have thought due to her brother-in-law Hueffer, a German, and the musical critic of the *Times*. Rossetti, however, met me more than half way. He looked as old as Madox Brown, or so I thought, as prophet-like, bald and bearded, brown eyes of inexpressible weariness. "A man of great and melancholy age," I confided to my note-book, though this was more than thirty years ago and he died but yesterday. He was really much younger, also a lesser lion, and therefore not too exhausted for casual conversation. He had a great deal to say about *The Germ* and his editorship of it at the "mature"

age of twenty, an attempt at humor on his part that made me wonder if he had not always been mature, even in his cradle. Of the many things Gabriel Rossetti wrote for *The Germ*, he considered *The Blessed Damsel* the finest, and he was inclined to think Christina overmodest when she signed her verses "Ellen Alleyne." But his nearest show of animation was for the prodigiously high prices *The Germ* had begun to fetch. Had he kept the copies that never sold, he could now make the money out of it that no Pre-Raphaelite had made at the time, though, he might have added, in other matters the Pre-Raphaelites were usually the best of good business men. The most prodigiously big prices of all were to be had in America, he said, a country he would much like to visit. But as the Italian in him had not quite got the better of the certain English condescension to the foreigner we have heard about, he hastened to explain that, of course, there was nobody, nothing in America he had the slightest desire to see except Walt Whitman.

If William Michael Rossetti was not the biggest lion, he was big enough not to be monopolized by one stray American, no matter how appreciative she might be. We had got no further than *The Germ* when I was whirled away to be introduced right and left to lesser lights in bewildering numbers and of a younger generation, but few who had not, in one way or another, some association with Pre-Raphaelitism. I remember William Sharp, young, big, good-looking, blonde—all pink and white and gold in memory—Fiona Macleod waiting in a remote future, and he as yet known only by his book about Rossetti. I remember Vernon Lee, masculine in her looks as in her books, her Pre-Raphaelite sympathies coloring the volumes already published, her knowledge of the Pre-Raphaelites giving the plot for her *Miss Brown*, the novel that fell like a bomb—a seven days' scandal—in the Pre-Raphaelite circle. I remember Cosmo Monkhouse, critic of Pre-Raphaelitic tendencies, of whom I had never heard before and, very likely, most,

people have never heard yet. I remember others not saved from obscurity by their faith in Pre-Raphaelitism. And I remember, of all unlikely people in that company,—Sargent.

And yet, as I look back, Sargent was needed to complete the picture. In the eighties we had come to the parting of the ways, Romanticism—Pre-Raphaelitism was nothing else—receding into the background, the prospect of Realism, naturalism, ever widening. And as the Robinsons' drawing-room was typical of the literary and artistic life of the period, Sargent, young, conquering, the world before him, had his place by the side of the last representatives of a movement whose day was done, just as I felt that George Moore had his when I met him a year later. At the same window, overlooking the unexpected freshness of the London garden in Maytime, where William Michael Rossetti, with his air of old prophet, had talked to me of *The Germ*, there George Moore, with the confidence of the young innovator, talked to me of *The Mummer's Wife*. *The Germ* is dead, an antique hunted for by the collector. *The Mummer's Wife* was very much alive, fairly quivering with the splendid advertisement of suppression by *Indie*, the champion of the Young Perfectionist, and George Moore, expanding, gave me his recipe for Realism. No patient tinting of leaf by leaf camped out in front of the ivy on the wall, no laborious setting down of every strand in theapegoat's hair. Not a bit of it. Notes at the spot—notes of color, tone, people, architecture, landscape, and then, at the desk, in the study, away from obtrusive detail, the building up of the notes into an impression of reality, more real than reality itself.

A year later, perhaps, I met Holman Hunt. It was after his return from Palestine and the exhibition of "The Triumph of the Innocents" in a Bond Street Gallery. Holman Hunt, to the end, cherished a grievance. He never got over his belief that the Pre-Raphaelites were misunderstood, neglected—martyrs. But the young" seldom are so promptly recog-

nized, so boomed into success as the Pre-Raphaelites were by Ruskin. Holman Hunt was never neglected, never slighted, except by the Royal Academy, a slight which some artists have looked upon as an honor. His reputation was made with his first exhibited picture. He had not long to wait for the other sort of recognition. When I knew him he was living in a delightful house near the Thames at Fulham, large and spacious and luxuriously comfortable, with lawns, flower and kitchen gardens—quite an estate. The surprise often has been in France to find the uncompromising rebel in art living the life of the little *bourgeois*; to me in England, the surprise was to find the Pre-Raphaelite living the ordinary life of the respectable rich.

If the many bought the prints after Holman Hunt's paintings, bringing him a small fortune, the few set him up on a high pedestal, making a little god of him. I remember at that Bond Street Gallery where, after the fashion of the moment, "The Triumph of the Innocents" was hung in a velvet-draped room artificially lit, people would sit, on the cushioned chairs provided for the purpose, as reverently as if in church, scarcely daring to talk above a whisper.

In his own house he was treated with a deference that was oppressive. To his wife, his servants, his friends, he was "The Master." When I went there, alone with J.—or to a reception in winter, a garden party in summer, I almost seemed to feel the atmosphere of homage and respect. His admirers spoke of his art as the devout speak of the saint's miracles. In the studio there was sure to be some one to interpret his pictures and point their moral—to tell with reverential awe the number of days he had spent on one special shaving in this masterpiece, or his troubles with the canvas of another, or his trials and tribulations in the East, when colors and brushes failed him, or brigands hovered so near that by the Dead Sea he was obliged to paint with his rifle at his side. To listen was to ask in bewilderment if the virtue of art lay in the labor it cost, the time

it took, the hardship it imposed. It seemed almost as if his distinction as artist depended on the journey to Palestine. In his studio I do not think I ever heard his pictures praised simply as paintings or he himself as painter. His appearance strengthened this impression of him as the great moral teacher. He looked the nonconformist, with the eyes of a fanatic.

He did not talk much at home where many were eager to talk for him. But in the Nineties when the Illustrators formed their Society and dined together at irregular intervals, he, a Vice-President, came more than once to their dinners. J— was apt to sit by him and found he could talk as fast as anybody if he chose, preferably about himself, for it was never his way to hide his light under a bushel. He would give his own version of his labors and his heroism and his danger. And he would go back to his still earlier trials at the hands of his brother Pre-Raphaelites, especially Rossetti, with whom once he shared a studio. He has told much of this in his published reminiscences and would have told more had there not been at least one kind friend to advise him not to. I remember Dr. Furnivall coming to lunch with us one Sunday, straight from Holman Hunt's studio, where he had been pleading for the omission of certain details about Rossetti given in the original MSS. They would seem to the public petty, was his argument, trivial things to have cherished against an old friend all these years. And Holman Hunt, slowly and unwillingly, agreed to leave them out.

His reminiscences will do much to perpetuate the tradition of the Pre-Raphaelites as martyrs. But with my memories of their decorous and affluent surroundings and the honors awarded

them during their lifetime, I cannot help thinking that most artists would envy their martyrdom. They may not all have attained palatial splendor with Millais, but they mostly rose—or fell—to at least the smug Victorian standard of respectability. Only Dante Rossetti chafed against it openly. I cannot imagine a Bull of Bashan in Holman Hunt's neat garden or a wombat at Woolner's dinner table. Woolner I never saw, but in his letters and his life he was eminently Victorian. Arthur Hughes I came across once or twice, at private views or in other artists' studios—a quiet man, with friendly, tranquil face and the air of the comfortable well-to-do. The lines of the friends and followers of the Brotherhood fell usually in the same pleasant places. Burne Jones and William Morris enjoyed, if anything, more than their due share of worldly success. Shields, all but forgotten though he should be remembered for his fine illustrations to De Foe's *Plague*, lived a hermit's life but probably with him, as with Matthew Maris, it was the life he liked. And the charm of Frederick Sandys was that even when his fortunes were at lowest ebb, as they too often were, he clung to his frock coat, well-pressed trousers and white waistcoat, to his trimmed beard and hair parted in the middle, as to the outward signs of his allegiance to the Victorian code. He never came into our old rooms in Buckingham street that he did not seem to bring with him the fine flavor of St. James' street or Pall Mall at its prime.

The Pre-Raphaelites belonged to so much older a generation than I that when I got to London this glimpse of them was all there was left for me to have. But to have arrived in time at least for the last scene in the last act, as the curtain was falling, is something to be thankful for.



THE ALL AMERICAN EXPOSITION IN THE COLISEUM. CHICAGO

THE ALL-AMERICAN EXPOSITION IN CHICAGO

BY LENA M. McCAULEY

WITH the purpose to promote a better understanding between the over forty racial groups representing eighty-five per cent of Chicago's population, a Citizens' Committee of leaders of the different foreign-born neighborhoods, organized The All-American Exposition in the Coliseum for a fortnight beginning August 30. The Foreign Language Division of the War Loan Organization united stranger wards in a loyal citizenship of estimable resources. And with the intention of continuing this friendly personal contact of contrasting peoples still remembering their European inheritance, the All American Exposition was to take the character of a rejoicing festival to

which every group was to contribute the noblest and the gayest of its arts.

Picture to yourself the interior of the Coliseum, that vast oval auditorium with arched roof that had echoed the enthusiasm of thousands at many a national convention and had welcomed all sorts and conditions of men and women to the popular expositions and circuses of a quarter of a century. All paths led to its doors, and no place was more suitable for a democratic cosmopolitan gathering of the American, his adopted children and his friends.

Never in all its varied history did the Coliseum lend itself more completely to the spirit of the occasion. Never was it

so clean, so gay or so inspiring. Fortunate in the choice of an artist, Arthur Hercz, architect, and his aids with lively imaginations, the designs developed happily. The iron girders of the glass roof were masked by a screen of broad-banded blue and white meeting flags at the ends. Below the galleries, encircling the building, hung a canvas panorama picturing the United States from coast to coast, from the harbor of New York with the Statue of Liberty to the Golden Gate of San Francisco, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico—hills and plains, cornfields, cotton fields, orchards, vineyards, orange groves, forests, the Grand Canyon, factory regions and mines. Not only were the pictures interesting, but the color scheme had its decorative values.

The center of the spacious oval of the floor was kept free of barriers, the platform and chairs being introduced as the programs required. Below the painted panorama enclosing the floor, was a succession of forty-two buildings, harmonizing to some extent, while illustrating the different types of architecture in America as the Old Mission Church at Santa Fe, Betsy Ross House at Philadelphia, New Amsterdam House, Kentucky Court House, Illinois Pioneer Log Cabin, old Nantucket Mill, Jackson House at Portsmouth, N. H., Fort Dearborn, old Downing House at Galena, Ill., a modern west ranch house and "Wild West" village, and the Cliff Dwellers and so on. The structures were of wood, stone, staff or brick.

The exhibits of the Applied Arts brought from the old world or executed here from inherited designs; the paintings by the foreign born and their children, the Art Institute exhibit, Public Library, Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Infant Welfare, and the numerous activities invited were housed either in the quaint buildings or entered through them, as for example the art exhibits filled the entire north annex and the American Indians and the Wild West occupied the entire south annex beyond

the decorative line of panorama and its attendant buildings on the floor.

Imagine entering an assembly of nations where the American flag waved over all. The ticket door led between stately white pillars surmounted by Victorians with trumpets and flowing draperies, or handsome pennants displaying coats of arms in colors and gold. There were many of these pillars in the plan. Opposite the doorway the eyes fell upon a Victory Arch, an artistic and ornate construction in memory of the departed heroes. It was surmounted by life-sized figures of Victory mounted on prancing horses.

At the south end was a colonnade in which a sculptor, a potter, a violin maker, a basket weaver, and soldiers from the department of Arts for the Handicapped at Fort Sheridan Hospital were at work. The Old Mission housing the Public Library was complete and beautiful in its professional and decorative display. Young girls acting as attendants in many exhibits wore the peasant costumes of their ancestral European homes.

The art section, including characteristic handicrafts, paintings and sculpture by foreign-born citizens and their children, cooperating with exhibitions of the opportunities offered by the Art Institute, the Ryerson Library of Art, the Art Alliance of America (Central States Division), the Municipal Art League, and the Commission for the Encouragement of Local Art, was the largest and most complete department and a demonstration of the purposes of the All American Exposition.

Director George W. Eggers of the Art Institute was Honorary Chairman, represented by Miss Voge and Mr. Forsberg with a committee which left no stone unturned to make the structure complete. The activities of the Foreign Language Division of the War Loan Organization, Nels M. Hokanson, chairman, had interested the local societies of various kinds existing in the over forty racial groups in what is called the foreign neighborhoods. The story is often told that Chicago has Scandinavian cities, Polish

ties, Italian towns, each speaking native dialects and maintaining their own customs in congested neighborhoods that rival old world cities in their homelands. Mr. Hokanson knew the leaders and the sources of influence and was on friendly terms with the foreign language press. And sympathetic interpreters went in person to meet artists in their homes to explain that they were conferring an honor by loaning their treasures to the All-American Exposition and that their neighbors and other nationalities, would be gratified to view paintings, sculpture, and handicrafts from many parts of the old world.

Until one realizes that there are distinct groups of families from Russia, Rumania, Lithuania, Galicia, Courland, Bohemia, Serbia, Bulgaria, Roumania, Greece, Bessarabia, Armenia, as well as the better known countries of western Europe, Spain, Portugal, France, Italy, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, Denmark, Finland, the British Isles, and East India, the Far and the Near East, and the Orient in a city such as Chicago, it is hard to imagine the romance and adventure and the excitement of discovery in meeting poets and artists, as well as workers in the art of crafts and musicians, in remote parts of the world, living modestly yet with refinement their old world thought, and ignorant of the down-town Chicago and the eager Americans knocking at their doors to invite them to share their gifts.

Explanatory letters were mailed to social organizations of foreigners, their clubs and singing societies and religious groups in the hope of meeting cooperation. After a time the lists began to grow and then the entry blanks were filled out. The New America Shop under the direction of the D. A. R. for the display of handicrafts of foreign-born women had previously organized an interesting company of those who made lace, did weaving and embroidered. These came forward at once with a gratifying exhibit. The juries of the art section were open-minded and generous. Very few pictures were not hung, the

rejected being largely students' work in the American style. Nearly all the art crafts approached a standard of fine workmanship.

There were three galleries, about two hundred paintings and some very good small pieces of sculpture. The exhibits from the Municipal Art League and the Commission for the Encouragement of Local Art included paintings by foreign-born or their children who belonged to Chicago art societies. Some of the artists had lived in Chicago all their lives, always remembering Bohemia, Denmark or Bulgaria or some other country where their parents were born. The criticism of the exhibition was that there were few distinctive characteristics to mark the nationality unless a Russian Jew painted the men of his Ghetto or a Norwegian pictured his native fjords, or a Czech made a portrait in native costume with the peasant-lace table cover and something in the background to remind of his village.

The handicrafts spoke a varied language. There were native patterns in laces, weavings and embroideries, and articles for feminine wear quite different, as in the case of the costumes of Japan, Lithuania, Bengal, Finland or Bulgaria. There was a wealth of needlework on linen from Italy and Russia. The applied arts section could easily have filled twice the space at its command and they had considerable room and many glass cases. As it was, the wood carvings, tapestries, metal work and the paintings overflowed into other sections adjacent to their galleries.

The efforts to illustrate the development of art in America were freely pictured in the display of The Art Alliance the Ceramic Art Association, the convalescent patients from the Hospital at Fort Sheridan, and shown by looms weaving, magic dye pots creating color, the potter at his wheel, and lace making by Danish, Swedish and Belgian makers.

From the point of view of the organizers, the art section and its activities was successful. The festival days of the racial groups, Polish, Italian, Finnish, Swedish,

Belgian, Czecho-Slav and the Armenian Day gave never to be forgotten pictures of costumes, dances, and pageantry. The singing societies came from their distant neighborhoods followed by whole families of grandmothers and small children who had never seen so much of the cosmopolitan world before in their lives. At such a time, the orchestra played the music of the people whose day it was, and the spacious forum gaily decorated with flags and waving pennants, seethed with color and merriment.

After an awakening of the popular interest of many nations in a cooperative revival of the beautiful in art, the future is certain to be the brighter in creative work of a higher order. The foreign-born sculptors in Lorado Taft's atelier and painters who had won distinction in national exhibitions lifted the character of work to a worthy plane. It was in all a memorable occasion and a step in reconstruction while making firmer a loyal citizenship.

COMPARATIVE EXHIBITION OF FURNITURE AT THE MINNEAPOLIS INSTITUTE OF ARTS

BY ROSSITER HOWARD

A MAIDEN aunt with her artist nephew enter the room of seveneenth-century furniture at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts.

"Why can't modern manufacturers," complains the lady, "make furniture like these beautiful old things? All the period furniture of today they make so different from the antique pieces. There is no excuse for it, with such good examples before them!"

"Why should they copy the antiques?" blurts the painter. "You do not expect me to spend my time copying Raphael and Velasquez."

"But are not the old ones more beautiful?"

"You might say the same thing about the paintings. I can't paint like Velasquez, and there is no reason why I should try it. I have my own tale to tell, and if you would let furniture designers have as much fun as I do, their art would be as modern as mine."

"Wouldn't you have them learn anything, then, from the old work?"

"I could hardly blame them for that; I do it myself. And many's the time I have met William M. Chase in the Uffizi Gallerie, but I would never mistake a work of his for a Fra Angelico or a Bot-

ticelli. The beauty of the old masters just soaked into him and came out again as another kind of beauty."

"That may be, but just see how every period in the past based its design upon the art of an earlier time."

"Not the way they do now," protests the painter. "There was a continuous tradition, enriched every once in a while by an inspiration from elsewhere. But an inspiration isn't like a photograph which may be copied with variations. When Monsieur X makes an adaptation of a Corot to sell to an American collector, he does pretty much what our furniture designers are made to do. When Henri finds inspiration in Velasquez, something of the old fellow is born again wrapped in an Indian blanket instead of brocaded satin. That's the way it used to be with the decorative arts. Some French stone-cutter carried a crossbow into Syria with a crusade. When he saw a Mohammedan mosque he didn't make a measured drawing of it; he just said, 'Isn't that bully?' and afterwards he left his very French reminiscences in the carvings of his village church in Aquitaine. Thank goodness he had no camera to make his memories more 'authentic!' "

Such discussions as these, heard so



MODERN DINING ROOM SUITE IN JUXTAPOSITION WITH ANTIQUE PROTOTYPE SIDBOARD



EARLY XIX CENTURY GROUP
COMPARATIVE EXHIBITION OF FURNITURE—MINNEAPOLIS INSTITUTE OF ARTS



FURNITURE BY MODERN MAKERS. QUANTITY PRODUCTION, CONTRASTED WITH EXAMPLES OF XVIII CENTURY ENGLISH FURNITURE LENT BY PRIVATE OWNER



CHINESE CHIPPENDALE SET, QUANTITY PRODUCTION MACHINE MADE. ON LEFT MODERN HAND-
WROUGHT SERVING TABLE. AT THE BACK XVII CENTURY LEATHER COVERED CHAIR

frequently of late years, suggested to the Institute of Arts to bring together a collection of ancient and modern furniture, put them side by side, and show how far the modern designer has copied, how far he has adapted antique furniture, and how far he has found inspiration in it. There was a dual purpose in this exhibition: first, to show the public a comparison of qualities in the antique and modern furniture, and to leave the impression that a cabinetmaker does not need to be dead in order to be an artist; and second, to show the manufacturers and dealers that the Institute of Arts may be a profitable laboratory for their designers, workmen, buyers and salesmen.

For the summer exhibition the Institute sought through the homes of Minneapolis and brought together pieces of fine cabinetwork, varying in origin all the way from the time of Henry Tudor to that of Henry Clay. Then beginning again with the Twentieth Century, they exhibited pieces from Minneapolis manufacturers and stores, Twentieth Century work shown in challenging proximity to the old. Of course, this required many visits to far corners of the town to see a chair at least 200 years old that belonged to my mother's grandfather," only to find that this interesting antique was nearer Queen Victoria than Queen Anne. On the other hand, there was found an astonishing amount of very beautiful old English and Colonial furniture, sometimes imported on the advice of experts and sometimes the result of a keen instinct for scenting out genuine and examples of fine cabinetwork. Then, too, New England families have brought their heirlooms west with them, and the galleries of the Institute have been thronged by these intimate furnishings. The manufacturers of Minneapolis exhibited many beautiful examples of period furniture of scholarly design, conscientious and skillful workmanship, and beauty of finish.

Some of the quantity-production furniture affords the modern American his

greatest basis of hope for the future, for it is on such factory-made material that our households must largely depend; and when we find in it excellence of design, sound workmanship, vigor in its suggestion of character, and finish which shows an appreciation of wood texture, we are on a fair way to a happy solution of our problem. It is interesting to notice that in such work the deviation from the antique is considerable. And why not? A Minneapolis banker wearing a tweed suit and smoking a cigar is inharmonious with the exquisite delicacies of Sheraton or Heppelwhite furniture, which we associate with satin knickerbockers and lace cravats. Better to have in his furniture the solid character he would like to have people see in him. There is, for instance, in the exhibition, a dining-room set with a trade name "Chinese Chippendale." It is far more like the seventeenth-century Dutch, the chairs with up-rights terminating in Renaissance finials so popular in the seventeenth century, the color nearly black, and the finish revealing the character of the oak. There is, to be sure, a little Rococo ornament on the sideboard, and a line of eccentric circles running down each leg of all the pieces. Doubtless these two motives are what determined its name, but the latter ornament might as well be Renaissance of Jacobean, and the former is out of character with the set, and might have been omitted. What foolishness for a name! But do not let us think that is merely modern foolishness. Wasn't Chippendale just as absurd with his pieces in "Gothic taste?" The affectation of the Eighteenth Century has merely been repeated in the Twentieth. If we could omit period names of our furniture we would get away from the temptation to borrow characteristic ornament and the attendant danger of putting together forms which were born of separate mothers.

In this exhibition the "Chinese Chippendale" set is shown in connection with two seventeenth-century chairs of similar character, beautiful old pieces brought from Europe. The relationship is clear



XVII CENTURY ROOM. FURNITURE LENT BY MR. AND MRS. C. S. PILLSBURY.
TAPESTRY FROM INSTITUTE COLLECTION

and the Chippendale idea is entirely foreign to it.

Now, if we could but relieve our designers from period names, would they not find themselves freer and their knowledge more likely to be assimilated? In our Colonial days, young men returned from their European education, bringing with them memories of the Eighteenth Century classical art of England and sometimes the more classical art of Rome. These men read Greek and Latin for pleasure and it is little wonder that their houses, their mantels and their furniture, as interpreted by the Colonial workmen, showed the pleasant memories of the Old World. But toward the end of the Nineteenth Century photography and cheap transportation greatly changed conditions. The great opportunity of the new age was also its great danger—the widening of the field of possible suggestion to all lands and all countries, for clearly it is impossible to eat everything on a restaurant bill of fare and digest it. In place of well digested tra-

ditions and memories, the designer has a cabinet full of books and photographs, from which we ask him to provide us adaptations based on precedent. If we could only let him enjoy his cabinet—go to it for an evening meal to be settled with a comforting pipe without the necessity of producing its details—perhaps he would convert it into many calories of energy and vigorous design. The precedent would be with us none the less, but in the form of past enjoyment and pleasurable memories—as with the designer of this “Chinese Chippendale” set of furniture, who unconsciously showed seventeenth-century influences, apparently assimilated to the point of forgetfulness of the source. A pity that the artist felt obliged to tack on extraneous motives to give excuse for a salable trade-name!

Certainly very clever adaptations of ancient styles were shown by Minneapolis manufacturers, beautiful examples of furniture which will one of these days be valued as antiques. Some of these works are inspired by pieces in the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, which shows

at the Institute already functions, to
tent, in influencing manufacturers.

These same manufacturers showed in
the exhibition some works that are so
removed from the prototypes that
they seem like untrammelled expressions
of modern life in Minneapolis. The de-
signer let his imagination run in devel-
oping solid, vigorous, straight-forward
articles of furniture of an entirely dif-
ferent sort from the sources of his in-
spiration, so different that he was not
bound by precedent, merely stimulated
by it. These works have the character
that we associate with the word American
thought of in connection with the
Great War, rather than as we associate
it with the luxury and littleness of a
great deal of our life.

Period furniture in its strict sense, ex-
presses a phase of life belonging to the
decadent period which terminated with
the Great War; it was an intimation that
the past was better than the present.
It was an affectation and a lack of con-
fidence. It was decadent, but it was
after all a youthful decadence. America
grewed in the war that she could put
aside her superfluous luxury and behave
with the strength of young manhood in
much the same way that the young Brit-
ish noblemen, whose lives had been
chiefly filled with polo and shooting, left
their sports and turned with enthusiastic

idealism to the relief of Belgium. Amer-
ica had the young manhood and she
showed it. Is she not beginning to show
also dissatisfaction with the affected lack
of confidence in the present, that was
seen in the decadent period of imitation?
And is she not ready to show new life in
design as she has shown it in action?
This will not require a forgetting of the
beauties of the past, but it will require a
ceasing to name our own productions as
authentic imitations of another age.
How we despise such things when we
find them in the house of an ostentatious
Roman of the first century A. D.—some
ancient profiteer in olive oil who col-
lected imitations of Greek works! These
things found in a museum we pass by to
enjoy the genuine Roman sculpture.
Will it not be so in after years as men
look back upon our furniture?

Such an exhibition as this in Minne-
apolis we can imagine 300 years from
now as an interesting interpretation of
the period of the Great War. We can
hear some archaeologist as he corrects
his appreciative young companion who
might be vastly enjoying the beauties of
a good Sheraton reproduction. He would
snort and say, "That's merely an imita-
tion of eighteenth-century work, but over
yonder is something that has in it the
stuff of which America was made in the
time of the Great War."

PORTRAITS BY INGRES

ON the following pages are reproduc-
tions of portraits of M. and Mme.
Blanc by Ingres which were purchased
by the Metropolitan Museum of Art at
the sale of the Degas collection in Paris in
March, 1918, at the time of the last great
German offensive and were stored in
France until their transportation to this
country could be accomplished without
risk. They were painted in 1822 and
1823 at Florence where Ingres had gone
in 1820 after a stay of fourteen years in

Rome. He was forty-four or forty-five
years old at that time and had not yet
won general recognition.

These portraits are not merely remark-
able works of art from the standpoint of
draftsmanship and technique, but they
preserve and interpret to an amazing de-
gree the personalities of the sitters.

Ingres, as Louis Hourticq has said,
"made it a rule to copy accurately the
human body and actual draperies, but in
his purest contours the line preserves the
nervous force of life."



COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

MME. LE BLANC

BY

INGRES

OWNED BY

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART



COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

M. LE BLANC

BY

INGRES

OWNED BY

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART



MOUNTAIN LAUREL

WILLIAM CHADWICK

A NEW GALLERY AND A SUMMER EXHIBITION AT OLD LYME

A NEW art gallery has long been the goal of the artists forming the Old Lyme group, and their ambition now seems about to be realized though in a slightly different form. At a time when so many communities are considering just how to commemorate the deeds of their sons during the great war, it is significant that this project should take the form of a memorial building. The art association has voted to unite with the town of Lyme in the erection of a dignified memorial structure which is to serve the purposes of a town hall and art gallery combined.

The example might profitably be followed elsewhere. In wealthy communities a sculptured memorial monument is an excellent choice, but in smaller towns where some genuine public need must be

sacrificed to gain that end it is frequently unwise. A gallery to house both temporary and permanent collections of paintings and sculpture will surely be of far greater benefit to the citizens, and at the same time it may be so built as to prove an artistic ornament to the town, and a dignified and fitting tribute to the men of the Service.

The need for more adequate exhibition space was never more evident than when the eighteenth annual exhibition was assembled in the town library, where the summer shows have been regularly held ever since the early days when Ranger, Hassam and Metcalf were making the beauty of the Connecticut landscape familiar to art lovers everywhere. The facilities which were suited to the smaller



DECEMBER MOONRISE

CLARK VOORHEES



LENGTHENING SHADOWS

FRANK BICKNELL

colony of the early days are insufficient to the needs of more than forty exhibitors. Many art colonies have had but a passing vogue, but the growth of the Lyme group has been continuous, and the catalogue contained many new names this year. Among those who exhibited this year with the Lyme group for the first time were Bruce Crane and Charles Ebert, both of whom will probably become permanent residents of the colony.

The characteristic note of a summer exhibition is commonly a certain freshness and spontaneity which is wanting in the more labored if more imposing contributions shown in metropolitan exhibitions during the winter season. Gregory Smith's landscape possessed this engaging quality, and it was found again in the canvases by Will Howe Foote, Lawton Parker and William Chadwick.

The days of labor which went into the making of Edward F. Rook's picture of mountain laurel were more imperfectly concealed, but its fine solid workmanship

assured it one of the places of honor on the library walls. "The Bridge," by Wilson Irvine, and William S. Robinson's autumn landscape were among the other large pictures which were notable for their dignified composition, and skillful handling and the canvases by Charles Bittinger, George Burr and Clark Voorhees were well worthy of the most careful examination.

While the landscape work is always predominant in the Lyme show, there are invariably enough pictures of other types to leaven the mass and infuse a pleasing note of variety. This year Harry L. Hoffman's figure picture, the interior of a cotton gin, did its full share in performing this service, and the paintings of animals by William H. Howe, Henry R. Poore, Carleton Wiggins and Percival Rosseau helped to prevent any appearance of monotony, which might have resulted from a too constant repetition of landscapes upon the walls of the gallery.

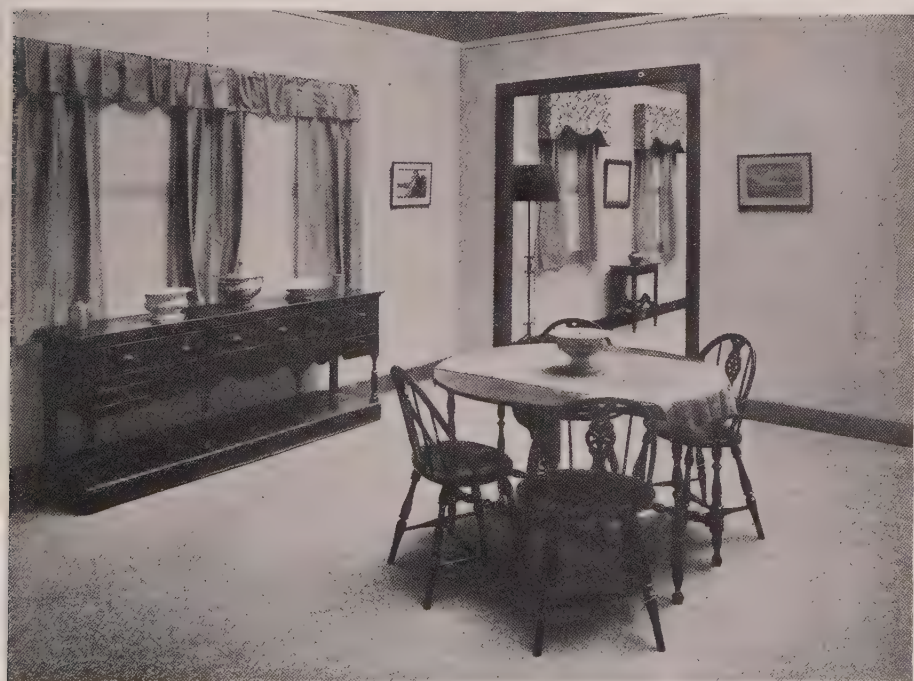
E. L. W.

EXHIBITION OF GOOD TASTE

THE photographs on the opposite page are of an Exhibition of Good Taste recently shown in the galleries of the John Herron Art Institute. The exhibition was arranged primarily for a convention of the Indiana Retail Furniture Dealers' Association, but was open to the general public for a little less than three weeks. During that period it was seen by thousands of visitors to the Institute galleries, many of whom went especially to see it. Perhaps naturally enough, many of them asked questions which those in charge tried to answer to the best of their ability, as to what they could or should do under their own circumstances. It is said that the furniture houses from whom the exhibits were borrowed, reported a heavy demand for the particular styles and pieces shown in the galleries.

In one of the skylighted galleries, ordinarily devoted to paintings, walls and partitions of inexpensive wall boards

were so built as to give the arrangement of a five-room bungalow with an entrance hall 11 x 17 feet, a living room 18 x 25 feet, a bed room of 15 x 14 feet, a child's room 11 x 15 feet, and a dining room 17 x 14 feet. The furniture for the different rooms was borrowed from various furniture houses of Indianapolis, as were the materials used for window draperies. It was the original intention to display an arrangement of furniture that could be duplicated for \$750 or \$800, but it was found that probably \$900 or \$1,000 would be nearer the sum required, even for the simple fittings shown. The furniture was chosen for its simple lines in good taste, well made, of first class material, and relating, of course, to the best periods of English and Continental furniture design. In one or two instances where the exact pieces desired could not be readily found a piece of genuine antique furniture was substituted, but always of a character or style that could



EXHIBITION OF GOOD TASTE. JOHN HERRON ART INSTITUTE. INDIANAPOLIS. IND.

be duplicated in a modern reproduction at comparatively little cost.

In the living room was used a walnut furniture called a Span-Umbrian, a new model recently put on the market by a Grand Rapids firm. Brown walnut in a French style was used in the bedroom, while ivory enamel went into the child's room. A sturdy Dutch type of oak furniture was selected for the dining room and the pieces used in the hall were Queen Anne, William and Mary and related periods.

The color schemes were kept very simple and rather light. The woodwork, which was, of course, nothing but most inexpensive pine, was stained. No rugs were used except in the living room,

where the rug shown was a very handsome oriental, sent up by the dealer from whom the furniture in the room came and who thought the floor looked bare without it.

The rooms were large and probably to many visitors appeared bare and empty, but the value of open spaces was purposely emphasized (and perhaps over-emphasized to overcome the average householder's tendency to clutter up).

Simple prints in black and white, a few inexpensive paintings and some Japanese prints were hung on the walls, while bits of brass, copper and pottery from the permanent collections were used here and there to complete the effect.

"EAST AND WEST"*

BY OSCAR B. JACOBSON

Director School of Fine Arts, the University of Oklahoma

I HAVE lived a thousand years, like the little American girl in the play "The Road to Yesterday"; I have lived in the land of romance and adventure with a strange people in a strange world.

A dream? Yes. I have been in a trance. I have lived in an age that antedates the Roman conquest of England; I have lived on the estates of despotic feudal lords who measured their possessions by leagues and whose wild retainers rode forth each morning spurred and armed, I have lived in the age of chivalry. As I sank deeper into the trance I even beheld glimpses of that remote prehistoric past before men had begun to practice agriculture. I saw the coming of paysan—the small land-holder. I saw the dawn of the great age that now is the great industrial and commercial age, in which we still live—with its factories, mines, machinery, large cities, schools and churches. And I assure you it's been great fun.

If time allowed I could guide you to a strange and pagan civilization still exist-

ing in this country that has remained practically unchanged since way before the time of Coronado—but that is another story.

Of the various kinds of European culture, French, Dutch, Spanish, Swedish and English, brought into the new world in the early days, two remain dominant—English and Spanish.

The aim of both of these countries in the beginning seems to have been to gather in the vast domain in the name of the king.

In ideals the two peoples were different, the Spaniard came to conquer and convert the heathen to the faith, the English pilgrim to secure religious liberty. As a matter of fact, neither wholly succeeded, for the Pueblo Indian is still pagan under the skin and Salem had its witches. Spain approached the country that is now United States from the southwest and reached no farther than Kansas and Oklahoma with its capital at Sante Fe.

And to me the early history, the colo-

*Address given before the Convention of The American Federation of Arts, Metropolitan Museum, New York, May 17, 1919

al history of New Mexico and California, the seven cities of Cibola, some still in existence, the siege of Santa Fe, the capture of Acoma, the Pueblo rebellion, the bloody exodus across the desert to Mexico, the De Vargas expedition, the Padres and their Missions, Fra Junípero Serra, the Camino Real are just as interesting and full of romance as the Boston Tea Party, the battle of Bunker Hill, or the Black Hawk war. But we must ignore the western history because Spain stopped at Santa Fe, while the Anglo-Saxon put the stamp of his character not only on the thirteen original states but nearly on the whole continent. When the English colonist landed on the Atlantic coast he brought with him the traditions and culture of old England. In language, in thought, in song, in manners, in art and architecture he was in fact a transplanted Englishman; even his provincialism and prejudices were British.

Because of a closer contact with the old world and the constant influx of Europeans the New Englander, or rather the easterner, has retained to a greater and lesser extent these characteristics. His aloofness and chilly mask to the stranger are still noticeable.

As the colonies extended westward through the mountains into the virgin plains, reaching at last the forbidding desert, a new type was gradually evolved.

In his fierce struggle against man and nature the frontiersman had to abandon most of the niceties of life. He had to become an elemental man—a barbarian, you like—sometimes a savage among the native savages.

His life is hard, he knows no comforts, even his occupation is that of a savage—hunter, trapper, warrior. Likewise his manners are rough, his speech direct. He becomes utterly self-reliant and develops great contempt for what he considers non-essentials. To sum it up, he is coarse but noble, violent but tender; he is stern but big-hearted and generous and would you believe it, even romantic. Unable to be elegant according to civilized standards, his love for adornment

leads him to borrow from his neighbor the Indian. To all appearances the New Englander has vanished but the rock bottom of the Anglo-Saxon character remains, his independence, his love of freedom, his puritanical conscience and his stubborn will. This is the prehistoric epoch.

In the next stage we find the westerner playing the roll of the feudal lord—the cattle baron, the rancher, the cowboy—those riders of the purple sage who were as knights of chivalry. His character has changed; he is a law unto himself but he has a fine code of honor and that is true even with the bandit who is seldom a sneak. He is independent to a point of arrogance, but his hospitality knows no bounds. His word is good but he is most profane; he scoffs at anything intellectual and artistic but the songs and stories from camp-fire nights bear ample evidence of a longing for expression in art. It also finds expression in his trappings, such as the gold and silver-plated saddles and bridles and pearl handled shooting irons.

Next comes the settler with his wife and children, pigs and chickens in the covered wagon encroaching upon the vast ranges of the cattlemen, and the sun rises on the modern era. Life upon the farm in the West was hard and discouraging in the early days but he stuck it out and through thrift and industry mixed with good common sense and fine common virtues the western farmer has become well to do, even wealthy, and is a decided personality. With the farmer came railroads, towns, schools, churches, business of all kinds, later cities, industries, skyscrapers, colleges, women's clubs, music and art societies, and we are immediately in the present.

In Oklahoma all this has happened in thirty years. It was in 1889 when part of the Indian domain was thrown open to the whites.

So you see I told you the truth when I said that I had lived a thousand years.

The manner of the opening of Indian Territory to the whites is very significant and may serve as a symbol of the char-

acter of the progress of the State. The old timers call it the great race, and smile reminiscently as well, recalling the stirring episode.

The great run in 1889 (and again in 1893) was nothing less than a giant horse race from every border State, Kansas on the north side, Arkansas on the east, and Texas on the south, into the fertile virgin prairies of what is now the State of Oklahoma for claims and homesteads, conducted by the Government, as it were. It lasted for days and every kind of vehicle and all manner of men and horseflesh participated. I say all manner of men—they were good and bad, the best and the worst, the successful and the failures.

There were outlaws and desperadoes in Indian territory during the days of the Indian and the cattle baron before Oklahoma was organized as a territory, also during the decade following the opening. It is undoubtedly a fact that great hordes of intelligent outlaws and criminals from all of our respective States found life pleasant in the frontier State of Oklahoma, where they were for a time practically immune to ply their profession. But they have vanished and their sons are going to college. It was wild and it was lawless. It is this period long since past that the East likes best to think of as typically western. It may at one time have been typical but that time is as far in the past as the year 1250 is in Europe. There are still ranches out there, still blanket Indians, on Saturdays some towns in Oklahoma are full of them.

Many of the good easterners still like to think of the typical westerner as a dashing young adventurer, a mixture of Sir Lancelot and Captain Kidd, usually living on a ranch and riding a fiery steed.

On the one hand the idealism with which the East often credits the West does not usually exist, on the other hand, the devil-may-care and lawless irresponsibility has vanished and we are now just folks like you. But the westerner still retains in his makeup the subdued elements of the character of thirty years

ago. He is different from the man of the East; although great commercial prosperity tends to erase the types and character.

Feeling the great wave of immigration from Europe very little the westerner is undoubtedly a much truer type of American than his brother on the Atlantic seaboard or in the largest cities. He is independent, he is democratic, he is apt to brag, he is often too blunt, he is friendly to a fault and likes to pass the time of day with casual acquaintances. Having but recently been a frontiersman, he often appears crude, unpolished, careless in manner and dress. He is essentially an ascendent; he is keen for culture and he sometimes makes the mistake of thinking that he can order it from Sears Roebuck & Co. The differences between the easterner and westerner are mostly on the surface after all and should not stand in the way of mutual liking and respect.

The social codes are slightly different. It may be summed up in the old saying: In the East every one is suspected of being a rascal until he has proved himself a gentleman. In the West every one is accepted as a gentleman until he has proved himself a rascal. The one code is arrived through a long experience of an old civilization in a country of many and too close neighbors.

The other in a new and sparsely settled community where every one was glad to have more neighbors. It is also a left-over from those days when no questions were asked. The West is rapidly acquiring the eastern viewpoint but the westerner still insists on being friendly—the trait that he has retained most strongly from the early days. This is often mistaken in the East for lack of manners, and it is mainly on this point that the westerner visiting the East complains and feels hurt. He insists on being friendly and feels snubbed or patronized. I do not mean those belonging to lower social levels but our very best intellectual, professional people. On many occasions, in conversation and through personal experiences this has

been brought home to me, and I do not believe that I am mistaken. He gets peeved at the East and is apt to retaliate in a small boy way when East comes West to help him.

The character has further undergone certain changes in Oklahoma, my State, due to the mixture of southern, northern and western as well as a considerable mixture of Indian blood. It is said that one-seventh of the white population in Oklahoma now has Indian blood, and I can well believe it, for in my own classes sometimes one-third boast of Indian descent. Could anybody be more thoroughly American than the modern Oklahoman?

It is almost impossible for one who has not seen it to realize the rapid progress of Oklahoma. Small towns of ten years ago now have populations of 70,000 or 100,000—have become cities bustling with business, swathed in elegance and luxury. You will find block after block of millionaires' palaces that would not feel ashamed to stand on Fifth Avenue; also crowded like Fifth Avenue. But when you enter a city it looks as new as if it had been built for the occasion.

While developing the great natural resources and amassing fortunes the Oklahoman has unfortunately not had time to devote his energies to art. We have no public Art Gallery, and although perfectly appointed in every other way, the vast majority of exquisite homes of the rich who can well afford it are without paintings and usually without appropriate landscape gardening. And how can we expect anything else when so few of them are "to the manner born." The art situation is not yet what one would desire, nor what we hope that it will be in the future, when people have grown used to their wealth. The lack of historical background and tradition in art constitutes a most serious handicap and it is a condition that grew out of life on the frontier. The majority of the prosperous people of today who could well afford the best art can give grew up in an environment almost entirely devoid of anything artistic and as a result they seem to lack that "sixth sense" of true

esthetic appreciation. This is not altogether true in music, which perhaps makes a more elemental appeal. People out in Oklahoma do appreciate music and high-class musical talent is always sure of a hearty welcome and an appreciative audience.

However, I do not wish to create the impression that the art situation is hopeless. Quite the contrary. The fact that a dozen or so more or less talented painters are now living and working in Oklahoma speaks fair for the infant State. These are beginning to have an influence and there is much to indicate that wealthy Oklahoma will before very long be considered an art loving commonwealth.

These State artists have lately organized themselves into an association for mutual encouragement and to keep up, if possible, certain standards of excellence in the exhibitions. This association is also active in bringing to Oklahoma the work of artists of other States. The women's clubs are paving the way by encouraging art study in the public schools; all the Normal schools and the State University have art departments usually with well trained art teachers in charge. The University had before the war some exhibition of note almost every month and they were well attended.

In one particular branch of art and music promotion Oklahoma perhaps stands first among all the States in the Union: namely, the interest brought about through meets or contests. There are musical contests everywhere, county, district and State. There is as much interest manifested in music as there is in athletic contests, which is saying a great deal.

The annual State inter-scholastic contests conducted by the School of Fine Arts at the University has grown to such an extent that it is now a problem how to conduct them efficiently. This meet should not be confused with the usual athletic meets. It is all that but much more. It had its origin in the usual high school Olympiad, but has in the last five years grown into contests in all the branches of fine arts as well. Picked

students from all credited high schools come to the university and compete for prizes, honors and scholarships in voice, piano, violin, band, orchestra, chorus, expression, debate, dramatics, drawing, domestic art and everything else of an artistic nature. The contest lasts nearly a week. Several thousand young men and women, enthusiastic and keen, are in town and go home with awakened spirit of ambition for a higher civilization. Sometimes a small town favorite in one of the arts is loyally supported by a delegation of admirers to cheer her along. What this means for the artistic awakening of the State can well be surmised.

If time permitted I should like to tell you of other places that are doing large things in the West—Santa Fe, New Mexico, for example, which is building on the civilization of old Spain and the Pueblo Indian and is building beautifully. The wonderful artistic community of Lindsborg, Kansas, the like of which does not exist in any other place in America, not even in the large cities—Lindsborg, where art and music is part of life.

The most crying need out West can be briefly stated:

1. A decent support morally and financially of the struggling artists.

2. A kindly disposed press. It is almost impossible to get a "story" of an art exhibition printed. In our largest State paper the great Rodin received two lines on his life's work at his death. Kenyon Cox fared better, he got three lines.

3. Some way to convince men of affairs of the commercial value of beauty.

4. Good prints in color at popular prices, for sale at the art and department stores instead of the terrible chromos that people really do not want but have to take; prints of the character of the Pullman, the Art Institute, the Seeman before the Hun went to

the dogs, the Medici, but less expensive than the last. These prints should include not only the classics but plenty of the moderns, also if we are going to bring the masses into sympathy with the artist of today. It seems to me that some way could be found to successfully persuade manufacturers that people will buy beautiful things rather than ugly if within their means and on the market. This I believe is a great work that the American Federation of Arts could do.

5. Intelligent propaganda to be used on school boards and people in authority to properly decorate public and high schools.

I have tried to sketch for you the character of the typical modern Oklahoman and to point out the historical and biological reason why the youngster is thus and so. The spirit of Oklahoma can well be compared to a large and beautiful piece of marble on which the sculptor is at work. The material is of first-class quality but only the idea of the artist is beginning to be noticeable, the rest is all in the rough. The artist is ambitious to make it a masterpiece and has high hopes and great faith, but he needs encouragement, sympathy and assistance. All these the American Federation of Arts and the easterner in general can supply if they will. We need your help and encouragement in the great work but we are supersensitive.

Incidentally the western artist also needs a little encouragement from you. It is true that his work often lacks the polish and refinement of the metropolitan painter, he is not so finished nor schooled. But on the other hand he shows a youthful and rugged strength that is wonderful. Lacking the companionship and association of art to be found in the large cities he finds his whole inspiration in that wonderland of America so little known or understood—those great silent plains and deserts of the southwest.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

BY

PAUL BARTLETT

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ART A FACTOR IN RECONSTRUCTION

In an address made on Founders' Day of the present year at Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, Mr. Otto H. Kahn, one of our leading American business men, well known alike for the splendid patriotic service he rendered during the war and for the generous support he has given to all forward movements in the field of art, a Trustee of Rutgers College, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the American Federation of Arts, said in reviewing the needs of the United States in these post-war days:

"Then there is the problem—at least, I consider it a problem—of what we can do to make Art more of a factor in the lives of the masses of the people. Now, I am not a 'high-brow,' but I have seen and talked to a great many people concerning their interests in Art, and it is a characteristic thing that the laboring people in New York have started a theatre of their own. The feeling for Art is deep down in the masses of our people, and a great many of them need it as much as they need food and drink; a great many of them need an outlet for their

emotions; their souls are hungry—they are starving. And I know from my experience in artistic matters that there is any amount of talent lying around latent in this country, only waiting for guidance and inspiration. And if we would only concentrate on the matter, we could accomplish things in Art in America which are just as great as the things which have been accomplished industrially in America. Incidentally, there are very few anti-Bolshevik medicines as good as that of Art. On this, again, I am not speaking from hearsay, but from my own observation, and I know that much of the disloyalty, much of the lawlessness of today, simply springs from a desire on the part of the people to get away from the drudgery of every-day experiences. The incentive in allaying that feeling could and should be led into right as well as into destructive channels; and by giving to the people Art, and an opportunity to cultivate Art, it would lead these people to be satisfied.

"I wish we could have in America a Fine Arts Institute such as they have in France. I am satisfied that the world would be astounded, and America itself would be astounded, at what could be created through the intelligence, the emotions and the vision of the masses of America, when applied to artistic pursuits."

THE UNSEEING.

There is probably nothing that makes so strong an appeal to sympathy as blindness—nothing that seems quite so tragic as a sightless man or woman. The blind are, no matter how cheerful, most pathetic because one of the greatest joys of life is held from them—the joy of seeing. But what of those who have eyes yet see not—those to whom the beauties of nature and of art are, as it were, invisible—who know not beauty when they meet it face to face? (And their name is legion.) How can their sight be restored? Thousands of dollars are spent on charities for the blind—but equally great is the need of giving the seeing vision.

One who has been blind from birth can little comprehend the glory of a sunset—the delight of a painting by a great master—harmonies of color—rhythm of line—those who have eyes yet to whom art is as a closed book are equally as blind and uncomprehending. And what do they miss! The joy which comes through sensitiveness to beauty in color and form, line, light and shade, composition—the power to find pleasure, rest, refreshment, in nature—in trees and flowers, sky and clouds, mist and sunshine—in paintings, sculpture, architecture and even the simplest design. A bit of pottery, an iron grill, a fine door way, a bit of lace, a piece of fabric, may give the thrill of delight as surely as a monumental work of art. But those who see can not know it. And how to open their blind eyes—that is the question? The American Federation of Arts is asking this question and is trying to solve it by sending out exhibitions—by circulating illustrated lectures—by publishing this magazine. But there are so many sightless—and life is so short, and the country is so big, and the need is so great, sometimes the task seems quite hopeless. The Federation would lend its help in every direction but it must have helpers. The message of beauty through art must be preached on every side—the sightless must be led by the hand of the seeing. We need now in America as perhaps never before, not only 50,000 trained designers, not merely artists capable of giving expression to our highest aspirations, but teachers in schools and colleges—writers whose writings are illuminating, virile, the best kind of criticism—museum directors with vision, and we need them much that we may give sight to the blind—the mechanic, the laborer, the capitalist, the legislator—who alike need the vision and to whom such sight could come as a window opened upon a new world full of warmth and golden sunlight. Furthermore that which is sold today is so costly, living so expensive, that more than ever before we need to point the way to those greatest pleasures that are without price.

NOTES

MUSIC AND THE COMMUNITY

In September of this year Mr. Thomas Whitney Surette was asked to come to Newport, by the Newport Music Club, to give a lecture on Music and the Community. The Music Club is a young organization and ambitious to do good work. There is a chorus as well as a number of vocal and instrumental soloists. Mr. Surette wanted to illustrate his talk on form, melody and counterpoint not only with the piano, but also by the singing of Bach Chorales and Community singing by the whole audience. Mr. Alfred G. Langley offered to train the chorus, and they liked the chorales so well, and learned them so quickly, that they were prepared not only to sing four chorales, as suggested by Mr. Surette, but twenty-five, if there had been time. As to the Community singing, it was spontaneous and spirited. I played Prelude and Fugue No. 5, Vol. II, Well-Tempered Clavichord, as illustrative of counterpoint in piano composition. Mr. Surette compared this beautiful music to an etching and said that the Fugue was the most perfect of all musical compositions and like a sonnet in its completeness and fundamental simplicity. The Music Club Lecture was at the Rogers High School Hall, on September 4th, and the general public was admitted by ticket. The audience was stimulated, and everyone went home happy. On September 20th, a similar programme was arranged at the house of Mrs. F. W. Frueauff, of New York, for which Mr. Surette came back to Newport. The audience at this lecture was invited, and many of the people had not even heard of the first lecture. They did not quite know what to expect, and the Community singing was a complete surprise. This made no difference whatever to their response, and they listened as attentively and sang as well, as those at the first lecture. The chorus had added an old French Christmas Carol and the Brahms Swabian Folk Song to their repertoire. They are all so

absorbed in learning only the best music, that we feel that they will surely go on, and that some day Newport, like so many New England towns, will have a Festival of its own.

As to the singing of the audience, Mr. Surette suggested and emphasized the great pleasure that comes from making such music. He said that some day, in the intermission of all orchestral concerts, the audience will sing; just as at the Bethlehem Bach Festivals. "People like to feel they are taking part themselves—anybody can sing who can talk, and an ear for music can be cultivated in any child—why not then in grown people as well." There could be singing at all Conventions, and there is plenty of beautiful simple music available—treasures of folk song, as well as more elaborate compositions. Beauty belongs to us all, if we can appreciate it, and as Mr. Surette said, a thousand persons cannot enjoy a picture or a statue together, nor read a book; but Community singing is in its best sense an outlet for great emotions and a stimulus to right thinking. Not only this, but music in the family, singing at first the old-fashioned hymn tunes or ballads, is a beginning of community music, gradually broadening out, adding friends and neighbors to the chorus—this is the real road to appreciation and understanding, and within the reach of everyone.

ROSAMOND EUSTIS.

SUMMER EXHIBITIONS AT BAR HARBOR A very interesting series of exhibitions was held during the past summer in the Print Room of the Jesup Memorial Library. In July the collection of prints owned by the library was on view. This was followed from August 4 to 14 by an exhibition of contemporary sculpture, comprising recent works by Paulanship, Dujam Penic, Sherry Fry, Joza Kruka, Gertrude V. Whitney, Mary Eleanor Mortimer, Hunt Diederich and Jane Poupelet. On August 15 there was hung a group of landscapes by Max Kuehne, one of the most brilliant of living American landscape

painters; many of these pictures were painted this summer on the coast of Maine. This exhibition was followed on August 27 with etchings and lithographs by C. R. W. Nevinson and a number of water-colors by W. H. deB. Nelson. The last exhibition of the season was of one hundred lithographs and etchings of subjects relating to the war; G. Spencer Pryse, Frank Brangwyn and Lucien Jonas were represented by comprehensive groups of their work in this exhibition.

The Print Room was founded in 1915 by Mr. A. E. Gallatin, who at that time presented the Jesup Memorial Library with a choice collection of etchings, woodcuts and engravings by such famous masters as Rembrandt, Durer, Meryon, Goya and Whistler. The library also possesses a collection of books relating to the fine arts. Since its foundation over twenty special exhibitions have been held. These exhibitions have all been arranged and financed by Mr. Gallatin; they have all been free to the public. That the visitors, as well as the residents of Bar Harbor and nearby resorts are much interested in matters artistic, is proved by the large number of people who visit these exhibitions each summer; as many as 4,600 persons have attended them in one season.

INDUSTRIAL ART A NATIONAL ASSET The importance of industrial art in the commercial development of the United States has been recognized by the Bureau of Education at Washington through the recent publication of a thirty-two page pamphlet entitled *Industrial Art a National Asset*. This contains a series of graphic charts and descriptive text by H. M. Kurtzworth, director of the Grand Rapids School of Art and Industry.

How much this country is behind European nations in its industrial art development and how important it is for us immediately to undertake a nationwide campaign for industrial art education, is evident from the exhibition of French art applied to industry which is

ing held in New York City during the month of August. It is under the auspices of the French Government and the Franco-American Board of Commerce and Industry.

The great need for literature on the subject of industrial art education was brought directly to the attention of Dr. P. Claxton, Commissioner of Education, by a resolution passed at the annual convention of The American Federation of Arts held in Detroit in May, 1918.

The preface to this important publication, by Florence N. Levy, general manager of the Art Alliance of America with headquarters at 10 East 47th Street, New York City, calls attention to the fact that these charts were originally prepared to aid in securing for Grand Rapids, Mich., an annual appropriation of about \$5,000 for the maintenance of a School of Art and Industry. Similar schools might, with advantage, be established in every city having 50,000 or more inhabitants. The charts are fully described by Mr. Kurtzworth.

We have heretofore looked upon art education as a luxury. We must now see education in industrial arts as a necessity. In the few States (Pennsylvania, Rhode Island and New Jersey) where industrial art schools exist, they are the result of definite, direct demand and co-operation of manufacturers, organized workmen, and the educational City and State authorities to make the best use of the resources of their region. It is the duty of every community of American citizens to analyse the resources and industries of their vicinity to discover the need for industrial art education and to take the necessary steps to provide such training for the good of the citizens and the welfare of the Nation. This will enable the United States to have the world for its market and will bring increasing prosperity as its reward.

This pamphlet on Industrial Art a National Asset may be secured, free, by applying to the Bureau of Education at Washington, D. C.

ART NOTES FROM FLORIDA

Although world conditions have not been favorable to art activities, Florida has held her own, and artists from the north, each one of whom brings new incentive, finding our climate and scenery desirable, have lengthened their time for staying. The schools are doing splendid work, giving much attention to the handicrafts—rug-weaving, hat braiding, and in Bradentown, where a native clay has been found, a very attractive pottery is being made.

In connection with the State Fair at Jacksonville last November the first annual exhibition of works by local artists was held. To Mr. Durett W. Stokes, who had charge of collecting and arranging the pictures, is due a great deal of credit for the splendid accomplishment. Though the number of exhibits was not large, the standard of work shown was of the highest—it will require only a little time in which to interest the best of our painters before the exhibitions will grow. The exhibiting of pictures at many of the County Fairs will help to increase the interest and appreciation of the people of things artistic.

An unfortunate occurrence was the burning of the building given by Mr. Kanute Felix in Miami as a Conservatory of Music and Art. A large collection of paintings was installed and was well patronized. The loss of the paintings and building was estimated at \$40,000.

The Art School in St. Petersburg established by Mr. J. Liberty Tadd is being continued, since his death, by his widow and daughter.

The Florida Federation of Women's Clubs will meet in St. Petersburg in November and through it art interest will be stimulated as there will be an exhibition as well as the annual exhibitions held there by other clubs.

The Centennial Art Club of Jacksonville is still working toward one of the goals for which it was organized, the founding of a permanent Art Gallery for Jacksonville. The Club will also have a large share in the plans for the celebra-

tion of the Florida Purchase. Those devoted to art realize the wonderful impetus which this project will give to art for experts will be brought from all over for the erection and decorating of the buildings and local talent will be given the opportunity of co-operating in the creation of the setting and arrangements for the pageant. The Exposition will have an invaluable influence upon the civic development in all parts of the State in that it will be an object lesson in showing how to beautify our cities and in teaching a respect for our natural scenery which is so ruthlessly destroyed by settlers and city councils.

M. VAN DE S. F.

TAPESTRIES
AND
LACES

A loan exhibition of tapestries and laces was held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York from June 16th to October 31st. The exhibition was assembled largely with designers, manufacturers and dealers in the textile, costume and the allied fields in mind. The laces were chiefly French and Italian, illustrating the best handicraft of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The exhibits ran the gamut from chalice veils and ecclesiastical flounces to lappets and cap crowns. The tapestries ranged from the opulent designs of the age of Louis XIV to the exquisite refinement of the eighteenth century pictorial tapestries. The intrinsic value of this exhibition was decidedly outweighed by the inspirational value not only to the public at large but specifically to that branch of the producing world in the arts represented, as well as to those branches in some way related to them in material or technique or applied uses, which must constantly draw their motifs, ideals, and encouragements from the great works of past masters in their crafts. Just at present, when the prodigious work of reconstruction throughout the country and the Herculean efforts made on all sides to win acclaim through the agency of a national decorative art engage the attention of so many right-thinking citizens, this particular kind of

exhibition offers an almost inexhaustible mine of information and an unlimited number of new stimuli. Above all, these fine pieces—not always accessible to designers, makers, and students—offer a still further argument in favor of the constant need for establishing more direct contact with the great works of former craftsmen as the chief mode of study for modern design.

Such exhibitions as this splendid loan collection of laces and tapestries form an indispensable adjunct to the regular collections of the Museum. It is impossible for a single institution to gather examples of the highest type in all branches of craftsmanship of all times, styles, and countries, even though the fabulous endowment necessary were available and individual collectors were willing to part with their treasures. For this reason a great museum must regard it as a necessary factor in the success of its work to show from time to time loan collections of fine things which will supplement or complete the list of its own possessions in a given style or type of craft.

The Metropolitan Museum was particularly happy to be able to present this exhibition, not only for the pleasure of the general Museum public, but especially as a direct agency in enhancing the practical usefulness of the Museum in the great producing fields. The expressed policy of the Museum is to make the galleries work for the benefit of American design in the industrial arts.

JONAS LIE AT
THE CARNEGIE
INSTITUTE

A group of thirty-three paintings by Jonas Lie was placed on exhibition in the galleries of the Department of Fine Arts at Carnegie Institute. Although a Norwegian by birth, Jonas Lie came to America at the age of thirteen, so he is to all intent an American artist. Lie brought to his painting his Norwegian heritage of strength, clear vision and an elemental simplicity—qualities which characterize his work. He has made consistent progress since the time his early painting was purchased from an exhibition at the



BOY SCOUT FOUNTAIN BY ANDREW O'CONNOR. GLEN VIEW, CHICAGO
SHOWING POOL AND LANDSCAPE SETTING (SEE FRONTISPICEK)

Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts by the late William M. Chase.

It is not surprising that the construction of the Panama Canal appealed to him as a subject for painting. Nine of the paintings, notably "Toil," "The Heavenly Host," "The Gates of Pedro Miguel," "Cranes at Miraflores," "Canal Bottom," "Palms in Wind," "Rose of Valparaiso," "Local Colour, Gatun Lake," and "Cucharacha Slide," from the Panama series are included in this collection. It is particularly happy that we have a record in colour of one of America's epoch-making labours. Having seen his success with this subject, one regrets that there is but a single contribution growing out of the war. This painting, "With Our Armies at Home," is specially pertinent to Pittsburgh since it depicts a mill interior with the superb colour of molten metal being poured.

Many will be attracted by Mr. Lie's gentler paintings, such as "Nova Scotia Village," "Sunday Afternoon," "The

Birchgrove," "Gossip" and "Roses." This exhibition will continue until November 15.

ARTISTIC INDUSTRIES IN COMMUNITY LIFE

A pamphlet on "The Artistic Industries in Community Life and Americanization" has just been published by the Art Alliance of America. It contains illustrations of the Art Alliance galleries during the recent Foreign Handicraft Exhibition, which was organized with the co-operation of the neighborhood houses. Nineteen nationalities were represented. The illustrations show an Ukrainian bead-worker; a French tapestry weaver at his loom; a Hungarian room with old embroidered covers and pillows; old Russian costumes and modern adaptations; Italian girls doing cut-linen work; a Swedish girl weaving; and a complete Bohemian costume.

The Art Alliance of America believes that the arts play a large part in life and

that they can be of increasing service. Community singing has already proved its value; the community theatre, with its affiliated arts of costuming and stage setting, is being encouraged; small exhibits of the best paintings, sculpture and black-and-whites would be enjoyed in any neighborhood; and the industrial arts—from the public building to the humblest home and from the gowns and jewels worn in the ballroom to the work-a-day clothes of men and women—offer endless opportunities for original work by designers and craftsmen as producers, and for appreciation by all as consumers.

The American merchant used to go to Europe and to Asia for his hand-made embroideries, weavings, carvings, etc., while in this country only machine-made goods were produced. The Great War has opened our eyes to the need for good design and fine craftsmanship and to the fact that hand-made merchandise can be produced in the United States.

We have neglected the great opportunity to develop American industrial art through encouraging the foreign craftsman within our gates to work in the beautiful trade that he followed in his own country. By helping him to continue it, the art of the United States would gain greatly.

The Art Alliance of America has made a survey of the needs of the artistic industries in New York City and as a result has established an Artistic Industries Section under the direction of Mrs. Annette Störner Pascal. The first step was the recent exhibit of Foreign Handicrafts held during June in the New York galleries of the Art Alliance of America.

The great interest taken by the public and press in this exhibition has brought definite results. Orders have been placed by manufacturers, wholesale distributors, retailers and individuals, thus providing remunerative occupation for the foreign workers. Neighborhood Houses have established work-rooms and craft groups are being formed. Co-operation has been requested through letters, telegrams and personal interviews from people interested in Americanization work. Numer-

ous classes from public, trade, and art schools came to the exhibition to study the designs.

The pamphlet devotes a chapter to Neighborhood Houses as Centers for the Foreign Born Craftsmen, telling how the work should be organized. There is also a list of the artistic industries that need the services of the craftsman. The book will be sent to any address by forwarding ten cents (stamps accepted) to the Art Alliance of America, 10 East 47th Street, New York City.

LONDON ART NOTES

After the summer vacation, in which there was very little doing during the month of August, the galleries are now beginning to reopen, and there is some work of interest coming forward. On September 10th, Messrs. Derry & Toms opened their new and enlarged Exhibition Galleries; and besides the Exhibition itself a special programme was arranged for the opening, consisting of a selection of Folk Songs in costume by Miss Gertrude van Vladeracken (Mrs. Jan Poortenaar), the wife of the artist, and herself an actress of charm and personality, as well as a good singer. She was accompanied at the piano by her husband; and her programme consisted of Scotch and Irish, French, and Dutch Folk-Songs. There has been a great revival of interest in Folk-Music here in the last years, and Miss van Vladeracken, though less at home in the Scotch and Irish, was inimitable in the rendering of her native Dutch chansonnettes.

The exhibition consisted of etchings, lithographs, woodcuts and oil paintings by Jan Poortenaar, and pastels by W. E. Forster. The special feature of Jan Poortenaar's work, which appeared at the Burlington Galleries last summer, is its directness and force, and especially is this the case in his etchings and lithographs. He loves to essay some difficult problem of drawing or chiaroscuro, such as here his tower of Westminster Cathedral, rising in shadow against the sky, his Belfry of Bruges, the massed shadow of his "Rainy Night, Thames Embank-

ment" or in lithographic art his "Bridges of Newcastle"; in the same medium his wartime studies of "London Searchlights" are a daring effort at contrasting brilliant light and deep shadow, such as tempted Whistler in such a theme as his "Nocturne—Black and Gold—The Fire Wheel," while Mr. W. E. Forster's pastels, in their luminous atmospheric effects made a good contrast to this strong etched or lithographic black and white.

I have just mentioned J. M. Whistler's Nocturne of "The Fire Wheel": this fine creation, in which the gold splashes of flame detach themselves out of the luminous darkness, was recently bequeathed by a great admirer of Whistler's genius, the late Mr. Arthur Studd, to our National Gallery. Two other masterpieces of Whistler's art accompanied this generous bequest; one being his "Nocturne—Blue and Silver—Cremorne Lights," where all is bathed in an exquisite blue-grey mist, with lights of silver,—a Thames river scene comparable to the famous "Nocturne of Battersea Bridge" in the National Gallery of British Art,—while the other is the master's charmingly fresh portrait study of "The Little White Girl." These three paintings form a valuable addition to our national collection, whose masterpieces, after their temporary seclusion, are now returning to light.

The Twenty-One Gallery opened its autumn season with a good general exhibition of works, which included engravings by Marcantonio and Ghisi, drawings by Burne Jones, lithographs by Shannon, and paintings of the most modern note by Sickert and D. J. Ferguson. The Leicester Galleries have just opened with an exhibition of the same general character, which has all the advantage of diversity; while at the Twenty-One Gallery, besides that charming etcher the late Edgar Wilson, who was never sufficiently appreciated in this medium, Mr. F. L. Griggs shows two etchings, which like many of his studies, may be called imaginative architecture. Mr. Griggs' etchings are clean, strong and firmly handled, whether they represent imagin-

ary scenes or actual buildings. It has been pointed out that "the link between these two is architectural and historic truth; for the imaginary scenes are not mere antiquarian compilings thrown together to make a 'picturesque' effect. They are such as might have existed—and did exist. They really do teach us of the wonderful beauty of the past. A still air of antiquity, and a deep sense of repose brood over most of these plates. The lonely church towers, little remote chapels, aspects of quiet rural life amid the crumbling ruins of priories give them a peace over which the soft light of evening spreads a last tranquillity." Good examples of these etchings are "The Pool" and "The Gresset,"—showing the massive bastions of some imagined mediæval fortress,—in the present exhibition. "Stepping Stones" and "Ashwell," this last a lofty tower of English gothic climbing into the heavens, are very characteristic and finely imaginative work.

I have mentioned the admirable general exhibition just opened at the Leicester Galleries, which includes paintings by Augustus John, Charles Sims, Walter Sickert, and the Venetian Emma Ciardi, beside R. Signac's study of "The Harbour," painted in the "divisionist" method and drawings in the Entrance Gallery by Burne Jones, Simeon Solomon, Edward Stott and Philip Connard. A few doors from this the Burlington Gallery has just closed a most interesting show of Hargrave's poster designs, which have marked originality, and frequently imagination in such scenes as "The Council Fire" or "The Canoe Song." Mr. Hargrave is no believer in educational methods which kill individuality by the cramming process; and this feeling finds expression in his satire entitled "Education," in which a pedantic schoolmaster is complacently regarding his small charge placed upon a crucifix, nor is the fancy portrait of "Sinn Fein" very complimentary to the politicians who have just now such influence in Ireland. The artist generally uses water color or pastel for the conveying of his ideas; occasionally he turns to oil, as in "When the Wind Gods Call."

We need better poster design badly this side; and any work of original power is more than welcome.

G. B.

ART IN
CHICAGO

The Housing Committee of the Central States Division of The Art Alliance of America is taking an active interest in the preservation of old residential sections of Chicago which represent a worthy style of architecture. Old Chicago is only to be found in the wards within a mile north of the Chicago River. Sky-scraper hotels and the widening of the Lake Shore Drive according to the new city plan have torn down many famous homes and the encroachment of business blocks destroyed others. However, the needs of a studio building for the increasing army of artists overflowing the beautiful Tree Studio community, the Pearson Street studios, the Fine Arts Building, and the colony near the Midway Studios, led the Art Alliance Committee to sign papers for a group of old stone houses in the select neighborhood at the Lake Shore Drive and Ontario Street, less than a mile from the heart of town and near the lake shore itself. An architect is remodelling the buildings to accommodate several artists who will take whole floors for their purposes, and twelve artists who will occupy smaller quarters, consisting of studio, sleeping balcony, kitchenette and bath. The exterior of the building is to be treated in Italian style. An Italian arch will lead to a fine interior court with a fountain, and all the studios have excellent light as the building is on the corner and its greater exposure has north windows.

The Art Alliance of America, Central States Division, joined the Fashion-Art League of America at a banquet at the Auditorium Hotel in Chicago, at the annual convention of the latter the third week in September. Director George W. Eggers, of the Art Institute; Mrs. John Buckingham, president of the Public School Art Society; Miss Lucy Silk, Supervisor of Art in Chicago Public Schools; President George W. Stevens, and Vice-President Lionel Robertson, of

the local Art Alliance, and trustees of the Art Institute, were at the speaker's table, with Mme. Alla Ripley, president of the Fashion-Art League, and M. D. C. Crawford, of the Museum of Natural History, New York, and design editor of *Woman's Wear*. Mr. Crawford was the speaker of the day. The 150 guests were largely artists and practical designers in the arts of commerce. In Gunsaulus Hall, Art Institute, was staged an exhibition of textiles and fabrics designed and made in America. There were various small exhibitions of textiles showing American dyes and printed fabrics and weaves illustrating American ideas in design, at the hotels. The Art Institute exhibit was well attended and the Art Alliance extended the period.

Nancy Cox MacCormick, a Chicago sculptor who has been giving her time the last year to reconstruction problems and the rehabilitation of handicapped soldiers as well as crippled children, has put into effect a plan for toy-making in the Cheer-Up Shop of the Cook County Hospital. The toys of artistic and play values will be shown at the Toy Exposition at the Art Institute in December.

The Sculpture Committee of the Central States Division of the Art Alliance of America is the recipient of a fund to establish a Medal in Dress Design. Nancy Cox MacCormick, Leonard Cru-nelle, and Albin Polasek, sculptors, will decide on the design for the medal, which will be awarded for the first time at the annual autumnal show of the Fashion-Art League in Chicago.

Mr. Taft's colossal work, "The Fountain of Time," will be erected on the Midway near the University of Chicago this fall. The big sections have been moving from the studio to the green lawns on the Midway since August. "The Fountain of Time" has elaborated considerably in the larger work, adding detail and developing ideas beyond the plans of the smaller model. The eighty-eight gigantic figures of men and women, and some children, agitated by passionate emotions, are crowding one against the other as they apparently progress across an arched

bridge representing the "span of humanity" in the brief time allotted them. The work is in plaster and if the public gives approval it will be reproduced in permanent material. The carrying out of the idea which has occupied ten years of Mr. Taft's life, was made possible by the Ferguson Fund of \$1,000,000 for sculpture in Chicago, administered by the Art Institute.

CHILDREN'S ART CENTRE The Children's Art Centre of Boston reports four exhibitions since last May; one of South American Butterflies; one of drawings, water-colors and wood-block prints of children by Florence Wyman Ivins; a third of reproductions of child pictures by Jessie Willcox Smith; and the fourth, illustrations to "Ali Baba" and to "Sleeping Beauty" by Edmund Dulac. For variety minor changes were made in the permanent exhibition every two weeks. Several scrap-books have been made for the children with loose leaf photograph albums of gray paper, the pictures having been cut from many magazines. In addition to illustrations, reproductions of interiors, portraits, landscapes and photographs of statuary made a variety that the children found entertaining. A list of the artists included Maxfield Parrish, Jessie Willcox Smith, Edmund Dulac, Rembrandt, Vermeer, Boutet de Monvel, Walter Crane, Elizabeth Shippen Green Elliott, Howard Pyle and Auguste Rodin.

PITTSBURGH FRIENDS OF ART Four years ago One Hundred Friends of Pittsburgh Art grouped themselves together pledging annual contributions of ten dollars each to a fund for the purchase of paintings by Pittsburgh artists. Twelve paintings have thus been acquired and presented by "The Friends" to the Pittsburgh Public Schools. Of these paintings, only two are by the same artist,—a proof that the plan has been an incentive for good work and a nucleus for a Circulating Gallery of which Pittsburgh may well be proud.

BOOK REVIEWS

GREAT ARTISTS AND THEIR WORKS BY GREAT AUTHORS. COMPILED BY ALFRED M. BROOKS, Professor of Fine Arts, Indiana University, Marshall Jones Company, Boston, Publishers. Price \$2.00 net.

Professor Brooks is the author of one of the most illuminating books on art that has been written "Architecture and the Allied Arts" published in 1914. The present volume represents not his own writings but bits written by others which he, himself, has found instructive, engaging, provocative of thought. The book is divided into four sections; an introduction in which the excerpts set forth refer to the principles and meaning of art, and three divisions dealing in context severally with the subjects of architecture, painting and sculpture. Those quoted are of many lands and many minds, and not all are what one would term recognized authorities on art. Professor Brooks has selected as worthy of inclusion the expressed opinions of large minds, not specialized. For instance, there are quotations from Lord Bryce, William M. Thackeray, Henry James, Charles Reade, John Hay, Victor Hugo. Ruskin, on the other hand, is much quoted, as are William Morris and Walter Pater. In no sense is this book intended to be read from first to last in successive sittings, nor is it purposed for the immature student. For study clubs and for individuals seeking to fortify their own opinions with the clearly reasoned opinions of those who have treated the philosophy of art in a thoughtful and scholarly fashion, it will, however, be found of great value.

THE FINE ART OF PHOTOGRAPHY. BY PAUL L. ANDERSON. J. B. Lippincott Company, Publishers. Price \$3.00 net.

In his foreword the author explains that whereas in "Pictorial Photography, Its Principles and Practice," he endeavored to produce a text book which should furnish technical information to those camera workers who desired to express

artistic impulses, his aim in preparing and presenting the present volume is, on the other hand, to point out the underlying principles of art in order that they can be applied to photography and to encourage the student of the subject to apply these principles in his own work. In other words, this book deals with composition, values, rendering, in general and the application of these principles in landscape, genre, architectural and portrait work. It is written by a most accomplished pictorial photographer for other photographers, but it will be found instructive by those who wish to gain a better understanding of the meaning and fundamental principles of art, whether they make use of the camera or not. A chapter on Motion Picture Work is not only extremely up-to-date, but prophesies a great and still unexplored future for this branch of pictorial photography. This is altogether a most instructive and valuable book.

THE WAR IN CARTOONS. COMPILED AND EDITED BY GEORGE J. HECHT. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York. Publishers. Price \$2.50 net.

Value would attach to this publication if for no other reason than because it makes permanent record of one of the means employed by the Government to win the war, utilizing for that purpose a power, the force of which had not previously been recognized. A National Bureau of Cartoons was established in December, 1917, under the auspices of the National Committee of Patriotic Societies. The following June this Bureau was taken over by the Committee on Public Information. From then on until the war ended a *Bulletin for Cartoonists* was published weekly by the Bureau and sent regularly to every cartoonist in the United States, of whom there are about five hundred in number. These *Bulletins* contained subjects for cartoons as suggested by the United States Food Administration, the Treasury Department and other Government agencies. No pictorial ideas were given, each cartoonist being left to express his own thoughts in his own way; thus, as Mr.

Hecht says, "A considerable cartoon power was developed which helped the Government in stimulating recruiting, popularizing the draft, saving food and fuel, selling Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps, warning against German propaganda and in solving a myriad of other difficult war problems." A hundred of the best of these cartoons have been selected and republished in this volume with explanatory notes. Many are extremely poor, indeed, compared with the great cartoons of Raemaekers the majority are feeble, but it should not be forgotten that they did to a great extent meet the need of the time.

ON THE OHIO. BY H. BENNETT ABDY. With illustrations in two colors from drawings by Rowena Meeks Abdy. Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers, New York.

Primarily this is a book of travel, an account of a cruise of exploration made by the most prosaic of river steamboats on the Ohio, which, to the average traveler, does not suggest a glamor of romance. The voyagers in this instance, however, were artists and their trained vision discovered much that was surprisingly and delightfully picturesque all along the way. "On the Ohio" is indeed in this sense a picture book for it recounts not merely adventures but graphically describes picturesque scenes in great number. The starting point was Cairo and the place of debarkation, Pittsburgh, but the journey was leisurely and there were many stops by the way. No tour in an out-of-the-way part of Europe would have yielded greater pleasure, it would seem, than this voyage of discovery in our own land.

Under the joint auspices of the Educational Department of the State University of New York and the American Federation of Arts, and under the direct management of Mr. Allen Eaton, Field Secretary of the Federation, a Homelands Exhibition of Arts and Crafts by Foreign Born is being held this month in the Albright Gallery, Buffalo, the Memorial Gallery, Rochester, and the Public Library, Syracuse.